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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

Captain Samuel S. Hayden,

AT WINDSOR LOCKS,

Friday, June 19, 1863.

BY

REV. GEORGE A. OVIATT,

Pastor of the Cong. Church, Somers, and lately Chaplain of the 25th Reg't Conn. Vols.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

HARTFORD:
PRESS OF CASE, LOCKWOOD AND COMPANY.
1863.

E. Alden M. D.
With the respects
of the author.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

"Oh if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws,
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

PATRIOTISM, pure, self-sacrificing, enduring unto the end, is ever and by all classes, held in high esteem, and is the theme that inspires the richest bursts of eloquence by which the people are swayed, and the sweetest, loftiest strains of poetry that thrill and enrapture the nations of every age and clime. He who pours out his blood and gives up his life in the cause of liberty and his country, shouting "give me liberty or give me death," for myself, my family, and my native land, leaves to the world a precious legacy and a name of power never to be forgotten till the end of time.

The true Christian ever acts according to the instructions of the great apostle, as his motto, expressed in these words, "Whether therefore ye eat

or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The patriotism of such a man, and his love of liberty, are Christian, heaven-born, and they will burn and inspire to noblest deeds, when the patriotism and love of liberty of other men may grow faint and cold, and cease to be such a mighty impelling motive in the soul.

In the war of the Revolution when our nationality and our liberty were gained as an independent government, how the Christian patriots of the colonies rushed, deliberately and gladly to the bloody strife, and spilt their blood like water in the struggle ; and how the Christian patriotic women of that period with tears and smiles, bade their husbands, fathers, sons, speed them to the battle, meanwhile bathing them with their tears, and earnestly commending them to God in their prayers, and then bending their slender forms to perform the tasks of men, and endure the exposures of the sterner sex, that they might provide for themselves, their aged fathers and mothers, the sick and the little children left with them at home. That was a holy war, waged by our fathers for the cause of civil and religious liberty.

This war we are prosecuting to-day, not to repel foreign invaders, not to lay the foundations of a new government, not to alter and amend the constitution under which we have lived so prosperously, and be-

come so influential among the nations of the earth, for so long a period, but simply to put down treason and preserve our institutions of civil and religious liberty, that we may transmit them unimpaired to those who shall come after us, is a holy war, and must be maintained, at whatever sacrifice of life and treasure, till we prevail, and law and order triumph. The greatness of the interests at stake in this war against treason, we do not yet measure, nor are we as much inspired and earnest to put down this iniquitous rebellion within our borders, as become us in the sight of God and the world. Terrible indeed is the necessity that obliges us to spill the blood and destroy the property, and at such an almost infinite sacrifice to ourselves, of the sons of those who fought side by side with our fathers in the wonderful and glorious war of the Revolution.

We have preserved our existence and liberties, since our fathers achieved them, when assailed by foreign foes; now we are testing the question in the face of all the despotic powers in the world, whether we can preserve them against traitors at home, mad and determined to sunder the Union.

To the rescue of our country, in this time of our greatest peril, with their lives in their hands, how many of our noblest and best Christian patriots have enlisted in the army and navy, and gone forth cheer-

fully to give battle to the bitterest and fiercest enemy ever arrayed against us, on the land and on the water, leaving behind them weeping wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters, saying amid their tears and sobs, hasten to the terrible struggle, and for our sakes and for the great cause of human rights, of civil and religious freedom, and by the assistance of God, do valiantly in the conflict.

How, in the war of the Revolution, was the land filled with mourning for the noble dead. How was almost every family in the New England colonies represented in the patriotic army, and represented too in the brave men who fell in battle. In the very midst of this war against treason and oppression, here in our New England cities and towns, is there the appearance of peace and gladness,—as there is, in truth, great prosperity in business and a great abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life—as if, almost there were no war, and no rumor of war, in all our borders. We have sent to the war, from New England, an immense army, thousands upon thousands; from the little state of Connecticut, something more than twenty-five thousand men—and yet our streets are thronged; our houses of merchandise, our manufactories, great and small, our workshops of every name, our churches and places of amusement, present no signs of a diminished population; and these states,

in all their interests of agriculture, manufactures and trade, are growing rich. The people dress no less extravagantly than they did before this war broke out. We have these thousands in the army and navy; we have taxes to pay such as we knew nothing of before; we are looking forward to a heavy national debt to be cancelled, and yet, a stranger coming among us, would scarcely suspect that we were waging such a great war, on such a vast scale, at so great a cost of life and property. The newspapers are read most eagerly, tidings from the armies and navies are sought for with unwonted excitement, the people in groups, larger or smaller, with much enthusiasm, discuss the great questions of the war and its results; when the dead bodies of soldiers are brought home to their friends, crowds follow them to their burial, but still the great multitudes of our people move on, from day to day, with mirth and laughter, all seeking to become rich. But oh! how many of our men in the service of the country, have died in the field of battle and in hospitals; and how many in consequence of their wounds and sicknesses, returned to their homes, will spend the residue of their days feeble and disabled, even to dependency almost absolute.

Could all the families in Connecticut from which loved ones have gone forth to this war—and in this

number, by themselves, all those who have been bereft of those they bade depart to the perilous post of patriotic duty—be assembled in one community, what a sight would be presented to our view to open the fountains of our sympathy, and cause us all to lament and weep. And how many more men we are to send to the war, and how many more of our brave soldiers are to perish far away from those who so long to but can not minister to them in their sufferings and soothe them in their dying hours, none of us can tell.

Captain Samuel S. Hayden was eminently a Christian patriot, and as such he fell gloriously on the gory field. By those among whom he lived for so many years, he was well known and most highly esteemed. I became acquainted with him the early part of October last, when I connected myself as chaplain with the 25th Regiment, which he had joined some time before. We very soon were warmly and strongly attached to each other, and our mutual love was indeed like the love of brothers. I think I knew him well, and the more thoroughly I knew and understood him, the more I admired and loved him. He was one of the most frank and outspoken men I ever saw. He never affected anything, and just what he was, all, who had intercourse with him, could see. He was a noble specimen of a puritan of the olden time. In

his manners and speech he was plain and unassuming. All his opinions he held as his honest sentiments, and he held them with firmness, whether they were popular or unpopular, whether, in holding them, he stood alone or among the many.

He was a remarkably conscientious man. He never meant to express an opinion or a feeling unless he was convinced that it was right, and when he was satisfied that his opinions and feelings were right, no flatteries or frowns of his fellows could move him from expressing them as he chose to express them, or to turn one hair's breadth to the right or left hand from the course he was constrained to believe it was his duty to pursue.

No one ever had occasion to question his perfect integrity, in his business, in his friendships, in his patriotism, in his religion. Plain spoken as he was, tenacious of his opinions as he was, he was never overbearing. He possessed strong intellectual faculties, and always displayed great common sense. He was a very tender-hearted man, and was easily touched to tears at the sight or by the rehearsal of human suffering, and was ready to bear his part, fully, in contributing to relieve the wants of those needing assistance.

He was most ardently attached to his family and friends, and cherished with great veneration the

memory of those he loved and honored who had passed away from among the living. We used to see each other repeatedly every day. He often visited me at my quarters, when we were in the habit of conversing very freely about our families and kindred, and when speaking of those he had left at home, his eyes would soon moisten, and the tears roll down his manly cheeks in streams. I well remember his description of his mother's burial, and his statement that the last meeting of his brothers and sisters living, all together, was at her grave in Windsor.

He was always manly, generous, and not selfish. He despised all meanness, and never stooped to do a mean thing.

He was a man of great energy. He never shirked from duty and responsibility. In the regiment and in his company he was always in his place, and always ready to bear the brunt of the hard work to be done. He never complained of fatigue or sickness unless he had just cause for complaint, and was always ready to push on even when others thought that he should more favor himself.

Captain Hayden was truly a brave man. He was not rash, but he was brave according to Bacon's definition of the word, and united "courage with generosity and dignity of mind," and as an anonymous

writer says, "The *brave* man will not deliberately do an injury to his fellow-man."

His patriotism was as pure and self-sacrificing as ever glowed in the bosom of any man. He enlisted in the army not for gain, not for honor, not because he was weary of the routine of life at home, and would be an adventurer, but simply from a stern sense of duty. He had a pleasant home, he was surrounded by loving kindred and friends, he enjoyed the confidence of the community, and he had a competence of worldly good, with common frugality and industry, to enable him to support himself and family comfortably, and to contribute something as he wished to the great causes of benevolence, while he had passed the meridian of his years, being in the fiftieth year of his age, and was just at the time of life when he felt that he would more than ever find his peace and enjoyment in the bosom of his home and in the society of his friends. His country was in peril. Treason was beating against the constitution and government of the country, and seeking most madly to rupture the Union, and the cry to arms was ringing through the valleys and over the hills of New England. The cry roused all the Christian patriotism in him, and that he might be an example to others and do what in him lay to put down this rebellion, he nobly laid himself on the

altar, and went forth to fight for his country. As he was loyal as loyal could be, and was ready to fight for the preservation of the constitution, so did he hate the institution of slavery, and feel that it must and ought to be, in due time, utterly overthrown.

Our departed friend was a Christian, and he carried his religion with him into all his business and pleasures. He enlisted in the army for the purpose of glorifying God, as he often used to say to me with emphasis. As his patriotism was thus Christian, as a man of God he used to rebuke any of his men he overheard expressing any treasonable sentiments. He never compromised anything when speaking against the rebellion and slavery. He used to say, "I do hope we shall yet do something that will tell in the final overthrow of these enemies of the country."

He was a strong temperance man. On one occasion, when we were in camp on Long Island, we held in the evening a meeting preliminary to our organization of a regimental temperance society; he made a most effective speech, strong, earnest, and truly eloquent, and which deeply moved us all. In Baton Rogue, in consequence of the bad water we had to drink, and the debilitating state of the climate, as well as the exposures of the men when doing picket

duty, the surgeons advised the moderate use of whisky. Capt. Hayden often said to me, "Chaplain, I don't believe that I shall ever follow this advice of the physicians, though I am not satisfied that they are wrong, for they are, all through the army, united in this thing." I am persuaded that he never, when in the army, drank a drop of spirituous liquors of any kind.

His habits as a moral and Christian man were so correct, that he was a noble example of a good man for all to imitate.

He was always cheerful, and sought to make others cheerful. I do not remember that I ever saw him in a depressed state of mind.

He was a man of prayer, always at the prayer-meeting, and we ever listened to his earnest prayers and exhortations with great profit and delight. On one occasion he went with me to the "quarters of the contrabands," when I preached to a large congregation of the negroes. The audience was much moved, and at the close of my discourse, I called on Capt. Hayden to offer the concluding prayer, when he addressed the throne of grace with remarkable appropriateness and fervor, and seemed to be indeed inspired by the Holy Ghost.

He was always present at public worship on the Sabbath, unless kept away by unavoidable duties,

and when I preached a plain, earnest sermon, I was sure to have from him an approving word. He was to me both an Aaron and a Hur to stay up my hands.

I have thus freely spoken of Capt. Hayden as I knew him in the army, and as I became his warm, earnest friend and Christian brother, confident that his memory will ever be fragrant and precious to me. I have spoken as I have of the departed in all good faith. No man in this world is perfect. Undoubtedly our friend had his failings. But I am sure he was a noble man, a noble patriot, a sincere, earnest Christian,—a truly good man.

I well remember the last interview I had with him. He called to see me, as I was then very sick and in great pain. I read to him a letter I had lately received, giving an account of the peaceful and triumphant death of a young lady among my people in Somers. The letter very much moved him. He then showed me pictures he had of his wife and children. "Chaplain," said he, "I have a pleasant family, and it is hard to be separated from them; these two are all the children I have; they are affectionate and pleasant always. All I can ask for them is that they may become Christians." Waiting a few moments, he said, "well, chaplain, we know not what is before us; I am sorry that you must go home. I may be shot in the battle-field, but I have no choice;

I leave myself with God. Should I fall in battle, I believe that I am ready. I often have doubts and fears as to my acceptance with God, but I am persuaded that Christ is mine. Time, a few years, are of little consequence, save as we should use them in doing good." Then with a smile and with tears, taking me by the hand, he said, "good-bye, if we never meet again here on earth, I trust we shall meet to part no more in heaven. If you live to get home, I hope you will go and see my dear family, and my brothers and sisters."

Captain Hayden died honorably in the terrible battle at Irish Bend, La., April the 14th. The Surgeon, Dr. Wm. B. Woods, who well knew him, writes that he was killed by a shell, or the fragment of a shell, that struck him on his head. Col. Bissell writes to the same effect, and adds that when laid out side by side,—Capt. Hayden and Lieut. Dewey,—their countenances looked even beautiful. Some of his men have written home that Capt. Hayden was not well when he went into the action; that he was fatigued by the long marches they had made, and that he was entreated to lie down and get a little rest, to which entreaty he replied, "No, I must push on." Just like him, noble man.

He died with his armor on, both as a soldier in the army of his country and as a Christian warrior. He

has gone to his reward and his rest in the presence of his Saviour and his God. He died in the midst of his usefulness; he died blessed in the Lord. If he does not now know, he will know, we trust, a few years hence, that his earnest prayers for the conversion of his children, he offered not in vain.

How our departed friend will be missed and lamented by this church and community. One of your strong men, ever on the side of right, has been smitten down. The Sabbath school will miss him who has served as its superintendent, and for so many years been its earnest promoter.

We have all lost a dear friend, but we may be blessed in the future by our recollection of his friendship and our very missing of it, and though dead, it may be to us as if he were living. The country has lost a noble patriot defender of her constitution, government, and free institutions, but his death will be effective from the moment he fell, onward in all her coming history of prosperity and trial, to rouse her sons to a higher appreciation of their privileges and a greater readiness to make sacrifices for their preservation for their children and their children's children. His blood and death speak for liberty and our republican government with a most powerful utterance, to roll on through the coming years and to stir

"the millions yet to be," with a purer and stronger Christian patriotism.

I can but rejoice personally, and congratulate the kindred and more immediate friends of the deceased that they have recovered his remains, and are thus enabled to give them burial, solemnly and decently, in the old burying ground dear to him, by the side of his most honored parents and other kindred. As did Martha and Mary at their brother's sepulchre, so may the surviving relatives of him whose mortal remains we are about to inter, often repair to his grave that they may weep and be comforted there.

To the widow of the deceased and her fatherless children, and these other near relatives, I ask the favor of saying but a few words of Christian advice and consolation.

To the little family of our departed friend, the world does not, and never can look as it used to. The best earthly friend you have had, the kindest and most faithful of husbands, the most devoted and indulgent of fathers, whose counsel, Christian advice, example and prayers were so invaluable, you will see not again on earth. You will not have him with you in the future as in the past, to thread with you the winding paths of life, to cheer you with his smiles and tears, and place around you his strong arms. Be thankful that you have had such a husband and

father, and may God be ever your portion, the widow's God, and the father of the fatherless who trust in him. May the only son surviving, as far as he may be able, take his father's place in the family and still keep the flame ascending brightly, constantly, and with sweet perfume on the domestic altar. Though these children are not in their most dependent years, they are in the very forming period of life when they need the instructions of just such a father as they have had.

These brothers and sisters of the deceased mourn the death of a most noble and affectionate brother. You remember him when in years gone by, you were happy and joyous together under the old paternal roof, the numerous children of most honored parents. In your reunions, from time to time, since your father's family was broken up, how much was Samuel the life of your gatherings. You feel that death is diminishing your numbers, and that in the death of this beloved brother, God is laying his hand heavily upon you.

All these kindred of the departed good man, the Christian patriot soldier, feel that they are, by his death, smitten with a great affliction.

My dear friends, comprising this mourning circle, you may dwell, at times, on the aggravated circumstances connected with the death of him you fondly

loved. But he died honorably, in a glorious cause, and not in vain. Though *you* were not with him in his last moments, if indeed he lingered a little after he was struck by that terrible missile, to comfort and soothe him, I am sure that *Christ* was with him. He used to say to me, "One can as peacefully and triumphantly go to heaven from the hospital and the battle field, unattended by friends, as from a soft and downy bed at home, surrounded by loved ones so kindly ministering to the departing friend in his suffering." Had Captain Hayden remained at home, he might have died by sickness or accident just on the day and at the very moment of his expiration on that field of carnage and blood. God called him to the war. It was God's will that he should seal his attachment to him and to his country, by the sacrifice of his life. Bow then, my afflicted friends, submissively, resignedly to the will of heaven. Say, the Lord's, and not our will be done. Cast your burdens, in this day of your sorrow, on Him who careth for you. Hear each of you a new voice speaking to you and saying, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Think of the bliss and glory of your departed loved one, as he is now a glorified spirit in the world of light and love. Can you not by faith, see him wearing his glittering crown, and his long white gar-

ment washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and sweeping his golden harp? Here, to-day, consecrate yourselves anew and wholly unto God.

Think, too, of your own departure hence, of the resurrection morn, and the meeting of those who so loved each other on earth, on the hills of salvation, and under the eye of Christ, the splendor and glory of heaven, never again to part.

Of the recognition of Christian friends in the world of glory, I have no doubt. That they will know each other there, and there remember the past, and there sing and worship, and serve God, in company, is in my view, both philosophical and scriptural.

How many friends, friends who have been so dear to you in your earthly sojourn, have you, who comprise this bereaved group in heaven. And are *you* all thitherward bound? Are you all in Christ, justified and ready for the coming event of your summons to go the way whence you will never return? Are you all prepared to meet your Saviour on his throne above, the glorious centre of attraction in heaven, and all your dear kindred who have died in the Lord, and been received up into glory? There will be no sorrow there, no tears, no conflicts.

Now and onward in your stay on earth, remember the uncertainty of life. Live cheerfully, but live solemnly.

Soon you will be called for to put off your mortal bodies, be ye ready for the call.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
But nightly pitch my moving tent,
A days' march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing "as I am known."
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

Our sainted friend and brother is at this moment singing "Forever with the Lord." Sing on thus forever brother, and we ere long will join thee in the song.

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